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Poetry.

Original.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY FLETA.

A dream of home flashed o'er my soul,
At midnight still and lone,
And treasured voices talked to me,
With fond, familiar tone.
My mother's eyes gazed gently forth,
With glances calm and deep,
And seemed around my pathway bright,
A holy watch to keep.

My home looked very beautiful,
Beneath that summer sky;
The clustering vines waved gracefully,
And flung their odors high.
My own, my cherished flowers were there,
All blooming round the door;
And the little birds sang sweetly,
As in the days of yore.

And the waves of the proud blue lake
Rolled in the sunset light,
And softly broke on the pebbled shore
As I know they break to-night.
And my favorite stream flowed brightly,
With its placid breast of blue,
Reflecting, like a mirror clear,
Each clondlet's golden hue.

Methought it was a Sabbath eve—
We, round our altar bowed—
Our mingled prayers ascended
Before the Throne of God.

We four were all together there,
Who parted long have been;
And deeper joy than filled my soul,
No waking hour hath seen.

A light came as we worshiped,
Upon that sacred even,
And bathed us in its radiance,
Till all around seemed Heaven.
Then, angelic pinions hovered
Like glorious guards above;
And the sainted gazed upon us,
With a deep and holy love.

They were there,—the long departed
From our lone and silent hearth—
Their voices such as angels use—
Their forms too bright for earth.
And they looked so natural,
We knew they were our own,
And listened, O how breathlessly,
To catch their spirit tone.

And they spoke such glorious words,
With hope and promise high,
Of that bright world where angels swell
The anthems of the sky.
Then their tones grew deep and earnest,
For they warned of danger near,
And pointed us to Bethlehem's Star—
A beacon calm and clear.

Their presence passed, and left us lone,
'Mid twilight's deep'ning gloom;
The birds were still, the breezes bore
The floweret's last perfume.
The stars were dim and faintly burning
Far in the upper air;
And while we gazed, one moment flashed
Their seraph-pinions there.

But morning came; my dream was o'er,
And I woke to feel alone;
Still, methinks o'er all the future,
A radiant light is thrown.
My soul seems strengthened to endure,
All scenes of joy or pain,
Shutting that vision in my heart
Until we meet again.

EARTH is eaten as bread in several parts of
the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes
earth of this description, which will ferment
when mixed with flour.

Tales.

LEAVES FROM ADMIRAL LORD MINORCA'S NOTE BOOK.

BY MRS. WARD.

ALMOST all of us bear in our hearts the impress of some event from which we date even our first consciousness of existence; and strange it is that, while important circumstances, occurring in our riper years, leave comparatively little impression, the incidents in youth, with which our minds have little or no connection, are often fairly stereotyped on our brain, we know not how or why.

But I remember no trifling incidents. The one great event of my life cast all else into oblivion, for truly it brought an undying sorrow on our house, and caused my heart to "wax old as doth a garment" within my boyish breast.

Even now, mother, I see at times thy fair, thy gentle, and most loving face; I hear in my dreams thy low, sweet, earnest voice, echoing like mournful music; and my father, with his high, proud brow, his beautiful but rare smile, is often at my side when I am alone and pondering on old times under the shadow of dark memories.

Sometimes he comes in another guise, and as I last saw him; but of this anon.

Some years ago, my mother, my father, my young brother and myself, were one morning assembled in the little oriel library at home, when the old butler brought in the letter-bag. My father had taken down a book, and my mother, leaning on his shoulder, was reading some sweet passages aloud. The bag lay, till she had ceased, upon the table, and then my father, handing me the key, desired me to open it.

"Let me, let me," said Harry, and I permitted him to draw the letters forth.

I think I see my father lay his book hurriedly aside, and my mother bend anxiously over him, as he tears open one, the seal and edges of which proclaim it the herald of death's doings. Mother! mother! how pale you looked! what despair was painted in your countenance!

Whence arose all this sorrow I knew not;

at the time I was scarcely capable of comprehending the nature of it, for, although twelve years of age, I had had no intimate associates but my brother; I had seen nothing of the world, beyond the boundaries of the village near which we lived.

The letter announced the death of my father's first cousin, and his only son; they had perished off the Isle of Wight, while bathing; the father, it was supposed, in his endeavors to save his son, had failed in the rescue, and was sacrificed himself. My father was now, therefore, Earl of Wallingford: he did not announce it to us, but I gathered it from his conversation with my mother. I heard him bitterly regretting it; I saw her sit with her hands rigidly clasped in agony before her; I saw her lips turn pale, her eyes close, and then she fell heavily down at her husband's feet. I can remember him, telling us to leave the room, and send in old Wilmot and his daughter, my mother's maid. My brother and I went out upon the sunny lawn to play. He, rejoicing in the beauty of the day, soon forgot the scene we had witnessed, and called to me to join him in his gambols, while I, half puzzled at my father's and mother's distress, sat down under the shadow of some limes, heeding him not. His merry laugh, his bounding step however, were checked by Wilmot coming to us, and bidding us go round to the back of the house, where my mother could not hear our voices.

Where my mother could not hear our voices! She, whose life had seemed to depend on our lightest look or word, who had been chidden—tenderly—but still chidden by my father, for her reluctance in allowing us to spend our mornings at Dr. Mitford's, the good rector's for the purpose of receiving his instructions.

The peaceful period of my life was over; the next scene enacted in the drama of that life was a tragical one. My father, leaving my mother to the care of Wilmot and his daughter, was observed to dart through the open window of the oriel without his hat. My mother, after a long swoon, was borne to her bed, and when I next saw her she was a widow. My father had himself sought a watery grave in the small lake in the grounds at M——. I can remember the silence of the house, the whispers of the servants on the staircase, in the lobbies, and the empty rooms, and Wilmot forbidding us to leave the house, especially desiring us not to approach the lodge.

I—spoiled boy as I was—I disobeyed him. In the dusk of the summer's evening, I crept out of the very window through which my unhappy father had last passed alive, and making my way under cover of the shrubs that fringed the sloping lawn, I hurried to the lodge. Wilmot's caution against going there convinced me that my father had been carried thither, instead of being brought home, as we were informed by the servants he had been. There were lights streaming through the closed shutters of one window. I climbed over the little paling near it, and looked through a crevice into the apartment. Was it a vision that met my eyes? unaccustomed as they were to ought but the beautiful in this world; I could scarcely bear to look on what I saw.—Was I in a dream? What was that cloud of white stretched forth upon two common deal

tables placed together. There was the outline of a human form, there was the sound of lamentation in the narrow room, the lodge-keeper's wife mourning the dead thing laid there in its shroud.

Wilmot himself was there arranging sconces round the dull walls, and the number of chairs, placed uniformly together, gave me some idea of an inquest which had been held there. My first impulse was to call Wilmot, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I lingered long, spellbound; and when I had seen the little room lighted I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw Wilmot raise the white covering from the corpse.

I remember but my father's dead face, livid, yet so little distorted, as to bear the appearance of being in a deep sleep; then a choking sensation in the throat arrested the scream on its passage from my heart to my lips; and all was blank till I found myself on a sofa in my mother's bedroom. In spite of all her agony at my father's loss, she had missed me. She would have me brought to her. My young brother was there too. Worn out with his bewildered sorrow, his toys lay idly scattered about the room, and he, with his arm stretched across me, his long curls sweeping my cold clammy face, lay fast asleep beside me. In that chamber of anguish and desolation he seemed the only link between heaven and my mother, for what was I now to her but a heavy curse?

She—poor, pale, haggard creature—was sitting up in her bed watching us. The good rector, Dr. Mitford, sat by her with the Book of Comfort before him. Still she looked distracted. All at once she broke into a passion of tears, and, weeping long and bitterly, became calmer at last, relieved by this natural burst of anguish. It awoke my young brother, who, flying to her, mingled his tears with hers. Weak as I was, scarcely certain of where I was, I insisted on rising; and ere the sun set that night Doctor Mitford explained to my brother and myself, as tenderly as he could, the cause of the late terrible event.

I, the elder, was an outcast on the world with scarce my provision. *I was a natural son!* My younger brother was the heir to title, fortune, honors, power, and the distinction of a high name. I had no prospects; I, the first-born, was a curse to myself, my mother, and my self-murdered father. My young brother Harry was Earl of Wallingford, while I * * *

I can remember when my brother was made to comprehend that he was rich and noble, and "that I was something despicable," for he soon gathered all this—that he was very unhappy. He who had never been separated from me, who had been taught to respect my opinions even in our plays as an elder brother's right—he, whose lessons had been lightened by my sharing them, whose pleasures had been mine, and who had been accustomed to no other companion, could not bear to be thus elevated while I was undeservedly cast down.

I, meanwhile, would not approach my mother. Something of sullenness there was in my temperament on the evening succeeding Dr. Mitford's disclosure, as I sat at the oriel window looking out upon the lawn where I had spent so many unclouded hours. My father's funeral was to take place on the follow-

ing day. The verdict had been brought in "temporary insanity." God knows it was a correct one, for my unhappy father's brain must have been bewildered with the agony of despair when the consequences of sin burst on him and my wretched mother.

It were a long story to dwell on her early history. Married young to a man whose savage disposition drove her into the arms of my fine-tempered father, whose elegance of taste and refinement of feeling were strange contrasts to the overbearing tyrant of her home; she had, in a moment of misery, when a blow from her brutal husband shivered the last slender links of duty and propriety into atoms, yielded to my father's passionate entreaties that she would fly with him. Before a divorce could be obtained, and a marriage effected, I was born. They were united on the death of my mother's husband, and before the birth of my second brother; and as my father had the disposal of his own property, my position, as an illegitimate son, would perhaps never have been made known to me but for the event which gave my father the title and entailed estates of the Earldom of Wallingford.

There sat I then looking out on the fair face of nature; the peace of the scene before me ill-accommodated with the turmoils raging at my heart; but some trifling circumstances, the sight of a pointer my father had been fond of, and an old hunter, who had been permitted to spend his last days in peaceful idleness, upset me. The groom was taking them past the window, away from the neighborhood of the lawn, fearing my mother should see them. At sight of these familiar objects a shower of tears relieved me, and long after I had ceased to cry bitterly the tears still trickled silently down my cheeks. I know not how long I sat there, but I was roused from my sorrowful reverie by perceiving my young brother at my side.

"See," said he, "I have brought you the new fishing-rod Dr. Mitford gave me on my birth-day. You admired it so much that I am sure you will think it worth having, and I have filled my writing-desk, which is newer than yours, with pens and paper and sealing-wax, and here it is for you, and my drawing-box. You shall have everything of mine. I will give all to you that I can. Brother! dear brother Edward! do not turn away your head, as if you were angry. You cannot think how unhappy I am; this title they talk so much about makes me wretched. How can that give me pleasure which has been the cause of my father's death and my mother's misery? Brother Edward," said the boy, looking up as if silently appealing to Heaven as a witness of his vow, "I never will be Lord Wallingford as long as you live and are nameless. No one can make me take up the title; I have asked Doctor Mitford all about it; he won't give me any advice at present, but tells me not to decide too hastily. I never shall change my resolution, unless, and who knows but it may be so?—unless you gain a title for yourself."

Poor child!—little he knew of the worldly price set on such baubles. I answered him by flinging my arms round his neck, and Doctor Mitford found us mingling our tears together. Ah! from what a pure and consecrated fountain did those tears spring! My mother, too

ill to bear the least excitement, never mentioned the subject, though we now saw her every day; a settled melancholy had succeeded the first paroxysm of despair.

My resolution was formed before my father's funeral was over; my only companion, besides my brother, had been a midshipman, a relation of Dr. Mitford. I determined on leaving home, and striving to carve out an honorable career for myself. I became at once a man in thought and deed. My brother's docile disposition resembled my mother's; mine had more of my father's sterner metal in it. He was brave, though his last act was one little indicative of it—but then the cause! the disgrace, not of himself but of his wife and his first-born! What marvel that he wanted courage to stand by and witness that!

Never can I forget the last hour spent, as a boy, under the roof to which I had been accustomed from my infancy. My brother and I had always occupied the same room; our little beds stood side by side, with the pictures of our parents hanging between them. Worn out with the sorrows of the past week, Harry had gone to rest before his usual time. He was sleeping peacefully, though a tear lay on his cheek. There lay the Earl of Wallingford—my younger brother!—while I, scarcely knowing by what name to call myself, looked up at my father's and my mother's picture with mingled feelings of pity and reproach. I had packed up a few clothes by degrees, and poor Harry's gift of the drawing-box (the smallest article) among them. I had resolved on getting to sea under the patronymic of Fitz-Edward. It was the only one to which I felt I had any right.

I pass over the last "good night!" exchanged between my mother and myself. A note found on my pillow, after my departure, explained all; it concluded in these words; "Rest assured, mother, that I will strive to be an honor to you yet. I leave you, in the hope that I, having chosen my own path, my beloved brother will assume his rights.—Mother, and brother, God bless you! Farewell!"

I lingered by my brother's side; he was in deep repose; I knelt down by his bed, and implored God's blessing on his innocent head.—Ah! now, as I refer to the past, I feel I can remember the long, long kiss imprinted on his smooth young brow. I remember, too, sitting down and scanning every nook and corner of our little chamber, and wondering if I should ever see them or Harry again; and, gazing long on his beautiful face, his free limbs, his bared arm—flung over his head, radiant with its golden curls—his child-like smile parting his bright lips, the sound of his breathing in his calm sleep; while I, little older than himself, was already old in irremediable sorrow and disgrace.

At eight o'clock the next night, I, who had been so tenderly nurtured, found myself in the coffee-room of a common inn in London, drenched to the skin. I had five pounds in my pocket, and knew not whether to turn for advice or assistance.

I had made my way up to town by a coach, on the top of which I had with difficulty obtained a seat, when I was some miles from home. The morning after my arrival, I

removed to other quarters, fearing my mother would send in search of me to those inns where the coaches from our country put up.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Fortune favored me by throwing me in the way of Captain Melton, who had frequently dined at my father's, and whose son was the midshipman I have alluded to. Knowing him well as a man of kindness, generosity, and honor, I at once told him all the circumstances that had led to my present forlorn situation.—He took me himself to one of the lords of the admiralty, Lord Islingford; he bade me tell my own story. The nobleman's lip twitched nervously, and his eye dimmed at my narration. When he had heard me out, he gave me over to the care of Captain Melton, who had just got the command of a frigate. As I left him, the old lord laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me with a solemn voice and an expression of pity. I never forgot that.

Opportunities offered for my distinguishing myself. Our ship was on the African station. Death and disease among my shipmates, gave me, in a short space of time, my promotion.—The old lord bore me ever in his mind. My rise to a lieutenantcy was a complete puzzle to those who did not know my history, and shortly afterwards I was removed from the frigate Captain Melton had commanded—for he was now an admiral—to the flag-ship on the Cape station. It was not long before I was placed in command of a brig of war, and sent to the western side of Africa.

It were ill done to recite my "perils by sea and land" on and off that coast, "the grave of Europeans." Despair had made me brave.—The resolution to "do or die" was indomitable. My officers and men were, in verity, the "bravest of the brave." Strong iron fellows, selected from crews who had served principally in this part of the Atlantic, and were therefore well-inured to the climate and their work. Prize after prize we took into the different bays of the Cape; my little dark brig soon obtained the name of "The Pirate's Terror;" and, at two-and-twenty, I was again in England, having earned a fair fortune in prize-money, and, what was better, a distinguished name.

My brother, meanwhile, had been true to his first resolution; love for his mother and myself had confirmed it. He was now, however, fast approaching his majority, and I thought it likely that the assumption of the Wallingford estates would lead to that of the title. I wished indeed it might. I did not write at once to make inquiries. I dreaded a reply. I was terrified lest it should announce my mother's death. Lord Islingford had directed that I should lose no time in visiting him on my return home. He had retired from office. On reaching his house, he introduced me to his only daughter by these words: "Captain Fitz-Edward, Anne, a man whose acquaintance it is an honor to make."

There were guests there. I felt my cheeks glow with mingled pride and shame. One of the party—Sir John Manners—came forward with a frank smile, and requested to be made known to me. At the close of an animated conversation, he invited me to visit him at L—— Park, when I should have leisure to

do so. It was, I found, not twenty miles distant from my early home. I gave contingent promises that I would avail myself of his hospitality.

In ten days I was once more under the same roof with my mother and brother. I had heard that the establishment had only been removed from one part of the county to the other, and were not very distant neighbors of the good rector, Dr. Mitford. I alighted from the chaise at no great distance from the rectory. I thought it better to see Dr. Mitford before I presented myself to my mother, for I dreaded lest she should be no longer living. Once more I trod the well-remembered pathways over which my brother and myself had often strayed together happily. Excitement kept me up, else had I been quite unmanned at sight of these familiar places of my youth, now in their green time of spring. I hastened on through a gateway, and entering a shady path that led to the house suddenly encountered a youth with a young girl leaning on his arm. I knew, at a glance, he was my brother. My entrance into the coppice was so sudden that the youth and maiden started on perceiving me; and my brother, with a clouded brow, advanced. He did not recognize me. What marvel! Sunburnt and travel-worn, little there was about me to remind him of my boyhood! I raised my traveling cap and the likeness to my father bespoke my identity. I believe I uttered the word "Brother!" He did not reply, but with one accord we flung ourselves on each other's necks and wept aloud.

Miss Mitford, my brother's companion, had vanished before we recovered ourselves. My mother and brother were Dr. Mitford's guests, and Lucy had flown to prepare the former for the meeting.

We two brothers, once more linked together, passed through the vine-covered porch of the rectory; and, as we entered the low hall, my mother, leaning on the arm of her aged host, emerged from the library. Pale and wasted, she looked—worn and bowed down with sorrow and anxiety. She had followed my routes by the means of the public journals; she had rejoiced at my successes, but her joy had been always damped by terror for my safety. Long ago she had given up what is called the world; never visiting beyond Doctor Mitford's. All she had looked forward to since my departure had been my safe return; and, as if she had been buoyed up by this alone, her health failed rapidly after it. She died within a month after my arrival.

I now entreated my brother to assume his titles. He said that Lucy Mitford had loved him for what she called his generosity. He prized her love so much—he had been so happy in retired life—that it would take from his peace of mind to move in another sphere. He advanced a thousand arguments, which, though they were fallacious, were hallowed by the motives which dictated them; and, as he spoke, Lucy sat down on a low ottoman at his feet, and looked up in his face with more pride in her eye than if he had been a royal prince robed in ermine, and decorated with the blazing insignia of his rank.

He accompanied me before I went to sea again, to Sir John Manners'. It seemed as if the distinguished guests gathered there had been assembled to do him honor. There was

no ostentatious display of attention—no fine speeches; but there were the silent but eloquent looks of admiration from the beautiful, the brave, and the high-born of the land. All, too, vied with each other in marking me out for distinction; thus honoring my brother in the way he loved best—through me—for whom he had renounced so much.

Once more I was upon the waters, commanding a gallant frigate. Bonaparte had cast the grenade of discord before him whenever and wheresoever he pleased. England! mighty England! sat in her solitary glory on the ocean, watching his motions, and sending forth at her need her warriors by sea and land, to circumvent his plans, or reply by "deeds" rather than "words," to his ruthless acts of cruelty and ambition.

On the very beach, at the last hour of my departure, I encountered Lord Islingford. He was waiting, he said, to wish me good luck ere I departed; and, as we shook hands, he closed his adieux with: "Now, Admiral Fitz-Edward, go and earn your peerage!" It would fill become me to recall all the deeds by which the fortune of war, and the assistance of the gallant fellows under my command, enabled me, in the space of three years, to become the so-called hero of the day. I would, for the sake of those by whose help I earned my laurels, that my limits would permit me to record their deeds. They are registered, however, in the proudest annals of England, and their names are engraven on the heart of their commander. The last engagement which we led, disabled, for a time, many of my brave men, as well as myself, and crippled my ship. Nevertheless, I was enabled to take my prize, a French line-of-battle ship, into harbor in the Mediterranean, and after hasty repairs, to bring home, as my prisoner, the French Admiral, N . . . , hitherto the scourge of the seas, from his cruelty to those he captured. We had come to a close contest, lashed yard-arm and yard-arm, fighting hand to hand on each other's decks, and where the sword was struck down, making the pistol win another back.—The Lord of Hosts decreed the victory to us, and I reached Portsmouth, acknowledged as the winner of the battle.

A royal yacht was lying at Spithead. We saluted her as we passed, and the crew of that beautiful craft manned her yards, and cheered our battered ship and ragged ensign, with shouts echoed back from every vessel anchored there.

The regent was on board. He had come down for the purpose of witnessing the launching of several ships of war. It was not long ere a signal from the yacht summoned me on board her. As I raised my hat from my head, on touching the deck of the royal vessel, the prince advanced in front of the crowd of officers, and greeted me with extended hands.—The band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero comes!" and the regent, leading me towards the cabin, ushered me into the presence of the group I had last seen as I left the porch of the little village church in N—shire.

Lord Islingford and his daughter, now my own sweet Anne, my wife, were added to the number. I know not what we said at first, there were such greetings; danger, privation, suffering, were more than atoned for. Even

royalty was well nigh overlooked, and the prince stood apart smiling, amused, no doubt, at Lady Anne's turning her back on his royal highness, and at her confusion, when reminded by one less lost than herself to all around, but me.

"You have kept me, Admiral Fitz-Edward," said the gracious prince, "idling about in my yacht ever since the business of the launch was over. Hearing you had been spoken to off Falmouth, I have lingered to give you welcome, and to thank you for the victory you have gained. I must insist on your landing first; my people," said his royal highness, smiling round him, "would fain make me believe that the multitude on shore wait my arrival—I wish to land privately—go, and I shall be enabled to do so, for I shall be forgotten; and now Admiral Fitz-Edward," concluded the regent, with a glance at Lord Islingford, and a brilliant smile, "Truly you have earned your peerage."

And my brother—my generous-hearted brother! There was more of triumph in his eye than mine. Not for himself but for me—yet which of the two was most truly noble? * * * Arm and arm we stepped from the boat upon the pebbly beach, and the multitude beat the air with their shouts, and the guns fired, and the ships saluted, and I was recognized as the lion of the day. How poor and insignificant I felt myself, in comparison with the brother at my side!

The day on which my sovereign was to honor me by bestowing on me the barony of Minorea, in commemoration of the victory my brave followers had assisted me to win, the friends I have mentioned assembled at Lord Islingford's house in St. James' Square. My installation was to precede the last drawing-room of the season. My brother, however, deferred assuming his title till the Parliament met, but he accompanied me to the brilliant ceremony. When it was over, the regent's words were worthy of record; taking a hand of each brother, he said in the presence of some of his royal highness' most trusty friends, "You, Lord Minorea, have done well, but for you, Lord Wallingford, you have done better,"—such a sentiment was readily echoed back by the circle surrounding the royal presence.

I found on my return home, that my brother had married during my absence; but Lucy, like himself, had no wish beyond her happy hearth.

And now, in these pleasant days of peace, when we are all united at my brother's ancestral mansion, or in my homelier abode; when for pastime my gentle Anne recites this tale, as one of former days, and under disguised name, and asks of our children which of the two brothers hath done best; then doth my heart rejoice in their decision, and respond to it, that my acts of valor are as nothing, when compared to the moral dignity of my brother's noble self-denial.—*From Bentley's Miscellany—Republished in Little's Living Age.*

Eddie Ochiltree.

A gravestone with the following inscription has been erected by a neighboring farmer in Roxburgh churchyard; "The body of the gentleman-beggar, Andrew Gemmels, Alias Eddie Ochiltree, was interred here, who died at Roxburgh Newtown, in 1793, aged 106 years."

THE GRANARY—PAY WHAT THOU OWEST.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

A TALE FOR EVERYBODY.—Do not defraud your neighbor. "Jonathan Homespun, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with everything requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, for one year, at the low price of two dollars a year in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if paid after six weeks.

"The facilities afforded by the government for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and the adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber, and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality. N. B. Agents will be allowed a generous percentage. Address (post-paid) Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell."

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, altho' it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find everything in nice order. He informed me that he contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but that he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible—and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many quart sacks.

Every week for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from his excellent and prompt delivery, that everything was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him—for, said I, "to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years arrears would but be a drop in the bucket." It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents—but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends. The notice, however, became more and more frequent, and having leisure I concluded I would visit my friend the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially—but I saw that there had been trouble.—He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety, and in the conversation of the evening, he entered into particulars.

"Here I have been laboring day and night almost two years—and am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment—I am conscious of my inability to meet their demands, and I can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin."

"But you have a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply, "but too many of them are like you?"

"Me?" I quickly rejoined in amazement—"too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend in a melan-

choly tone. "Pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly, for two years—I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there, over a thousand miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from my embarrassments, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reasoned—and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the whole force of the rebuke, and promptly paying arrearages, at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance, I shortly bade adieu to the worldly and wronged farmer, resolving to do every thing in my power to repair the injury which had been occasioned from my delinquency.

O, ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are!—ye who have eaten the wheat from his Granary, without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous sin of omission. Therefore repent—pay him what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters brings the sacks of wheat every week; and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun.

Essay.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

With respect to the literary character of these "Waverly Novels," so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men, here was the very perfection of literature; that a man here, more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and is a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy master-like coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, "round as the O of Giotto."* It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Furthermore, surely he was a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial, sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness, blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in

nature and man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher or highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Bailie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion) do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet *deceptively enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much.

On the whole, contrasting Waverly, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true forever, that literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men: or if literature have them not, then literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the "Waverly Novels." Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men, no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly, with singular vividness, before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet, by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we, too, one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonder-fullest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stultz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back

of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating library heroes he might well pass for a demi-god. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two in his own age; among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What then is the result of these Waverly romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more. As many generations as they can, but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse! Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one. Secondly, however, we may say, these historical novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the by-gone ages of the world were actually filled by living men; not by protocols, state-papers, controversies, and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it.—Her faint heresays of "philosophy teaching by experience" will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A lady had two daughters, both young, and nearly of the same age. But the older one possessed all the mother's affections; for the younger there was nothing but harshness.—The mother fell sick and was confined to her bed. While lying there, she heard gentle steps approaching it. Is that you, *my child*? said the sick woman. "No, mamma," naively and softly replied the youngest one, "It is me." All mothers will understand this simple answer.

* "Venne a Firenze, (il cortigiano del Papa,) e andato una mattina in bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di disegno per mandarlo a sua Santità. Giotto, che garbatissimo era prese un foglio, ed in quello con un pennello tinto di rosso, fermato il braccio al fianco per farne compasso, e girato la mano fece un tondo sì pari di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una maraviglia. Ciò fatto ghignando disse al cortigiano. Eccovi il disegno." "Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conobbero perciò, quanto Giotto avanzasse d'eccelesenza tutti gli altri pittori del suo tempo. Divulgatasi poi questa cosa, ne nacque il proverbio, che ancora è in uso dirsi a gli uomini di grossa pasta: *Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto*."—Vasari, *Vite* (Roma, 1759), l. 46.

Religious.

TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A correspondent of the *Washington Republic*, writing from St. Louis, acknowledges himself a Protestant and says:

"I have been remiss in duty in not before paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to a body of Christian and benevolent females, but for whose heroic conduct our list of mortality would have been swelled to far greater length than even its fearful appearance now presents. I allude to the 'Sisters of Charity,' of the City of St. Louis. In every sense of the word they have proven themselves to be the 'GOOD SAMARITANS' of this community.—When panic and alarm had driven the relatives of the departed, in some of our most respectable Protestant families, to seek safety in flight from the presence of the dead, and none could be found to pay the last offices to such as slept in death, and to robe the body for the grave, these dauntless, self-sacrificing, religiously devoted females have never been appealed to in vain, but have frequently gone and performed that which none others were willing to undertake. When public city hospitals were established in every ward of the city, where the most loathsome objects of this loathsome disease, were huddled together, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties could secure attendants—these 'Sisters of Charity,' with heroic firmness, again threw themselves into the breach, and voluntarily tendered their services to the public authorities as nurses. Here, in these charnel-houses of the living, for week in and week out, they have stood as faithful sentinels facing the arch-enemy, Death, with a composure and fearlessness that nothing but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a Crucified Redeemer could impart, and contesting inch by inch the combat between that enemy and his victims with whom they were constantly surrounded. And when they have found that Nature must yield to the King of Terrors, and that the curtain of death was rapidly drawing around the sufferers, upon bended knees they could be seen reclining over infected lips, and entreating the expiring penitent to look with the eye of faith upon the image of their expiring Saviour. In the dens of vice, and in the humble habitations of the most destitute among us, and that are ever found in the outskirts and the by-places of all large cities, these messengers of mercy, philanthropy, and charity can be seen moving by day and by night, ministering unto the sick, comforting the afflicted and gathering together helpless orphan infancy, that places of refuge might be secured them in some one of the different asylums of our city. When I see such disinterested benevolence as this—at a time, too, when fear has rent asunder the ties of affection and consanguinity, when many of our clergy with their families, sought in flight that protection which they so pathetically *preach*, in time of health, can only be found of God, and where almost every one acts upon the selfish and unchristian principle of 'every man take care of himself.' I feel as if that public acknowledgement should be

made which such praiseworthy and benevolent conduct deserves."

Religious Liberty in Hungary.

How thoroughly the principles of toleration are recognized in Hungary, will appear from a list of the principal officers of State, whose names are thus arranged according to their respective creeds: Protestants of the Augsburg Confession—Kossuth, Governor-President; Gorgey, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Danube. Protestants of the Geneva Confession—Szemere, Minister for Home Affairs; Count Casimer Batthyanyi, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Szasz, Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction. Unitarian—John Palfy, Vice-President of the House of Representatives. Roman Catholic—Dushek, Minister of Finance; Csanyi, Minister of Public Works; Baron Sigismund Perenyi, President of the Peers; Bishop Michael Horvath, Minister Worship and Public Instruction; Paul Almassy, President of the House of Representatives. Greek—Vukovics, Minister of Justice; Bishop Plato Athanasz Kovics, Chairman of a Board in the Ministry of Worship and Public Instruction.

Massachusetts Denominational Statistics.

The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information, published this year, gives the names of the churches and ministers of every denomination in each town. The following is a summary of the principal denominations:—Trinitarian Congregationalist Churches, 465; Calvinist Baptist, 230; Methodist, 207; Unitarian, 167; Universalist, 138; Episcopalian, 57; Roman Catholic, 27.

It is said that since the flight of the Pope from Rome, 70,000 copies of the Bible have been sold in that city.

Scientific.

Original.

SALT SPRINGS OF NEW YORK. No. I.

It may not be uninteresting, before giving a particular account of the New York Salines, to glance at the extent and importance of Salt Springs in the United States; at the same time giving a brief account of the geological formations in which fossil salt, and brine are found.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXTENT. The salt region in the United States, according to the best information we can obtain, is bounded as follows:—Commencing in the State of Mississippi, the line of boundary is north-easterly along the western slope of the great Alleghany and Catskill ranges of Mountains to the great primitive region of Northern New York; thence westerly along the southern slope of that region to the line between Jefferson and Oswego Counties, and continuing in an irregular line to the Grand Rapids, Michigan; thence south-westerly to the Ozark Mountains, and on through the eastern part of the Indian territory into Texas, and perhaps into

Mexico. It will therefore be seen that this vast section of country which we denominate the Salt Region, embraces within its limits the finest portion of the United States. The Salt Region west of the Rocky Mountains, is yet mostly unexplored, but it is doubtless more valuable than any other, from the fact that it contains a Lake of nearly, or quite, saturated salt water, more than one hundred miles long, besides several smaller ones. The principal Salt Springs in the United States, are those of Onondaga and Montezuma, in New York; those on the Holston and Kenhawa Rivers, in Virginia; Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Muskingum, Ohio.

GEOLOGICAL SITUATION. It was formerly believed by geologists that saline deposits in various parts of the world belonged to one geological era; but subsequent researches prove them to be confined to no particular epoch. In England, for example, the great salt formations are *above* the coal strata, while in New York they are *below*. Neither are they of the same geological era in different parts of the United States. The beds of fossil salt on the Holston river, according to Prof. Rogers, the Virginia State Geologist, belong to different strata from those of New York.

But notwithstanding the different periods in the earth's history in which these deposits have been formed, a remarkable uniformity of associated minerals is found to exist. In England and this country, in the salt strata, as we will call it for brevity, is a soft red rock, or indurated clay, often filled with pebbles of limestone and primitive rock, worn smooth by abrasion. Gypsum, or plaster of paris, is another mineral abundantly found in the salt strata. In Virginia, for instance, a shaft was sunk at Saltville two hundred and twenty feet through a bed of superior gypsum, resembling that of Nova Scotia, and penetrated one hundred and sixty-six feet into a bed of rock salt, without passing through. The proprietors were searching for brine, but not succeeding, abandoned it in discouragement.—Subsequently, two artesian borings, about one hundred feet from the above described shaft, were made, which afforded an abundant supply of brine, lacking only six per cent of saturation. These borings were each about two hundred and twenty feet deep. There are other curious facts connected with the salt formations of New York and Virginia which, perhaps, may be mentioned in this connection. On the marsh containing the salt springs of Onondaga, are several springs strongly impregnated with sulphur, at the same time containing a considerable proportion of saline matter. Calcareous tufa is also found around the borders of the marsh. Thos. Spencer, Esq., formerly Salt Superintendent of Onondaga says: "In boring several wells for brine, to supply the works highest up the river, (Holston, Va.) veins of gas were struck, which rushed up through the aperture with such violence as to blow the rods used for boring several hundred feet into the river. It also brought with it a copious supply of brine.—The owners of these wells have availed themselves of these accidental circumstances, and applied them to good account, as it saved them the entire expense of pumping brine and supplying fuel. The gas and brine are separated by a simple contrivance, the latter

being conducted into capacious reservoirs, and the former into the flues or furnaces of their salt works, where, being ignited, it produces an intense heat, exceeding that caused by the combustion of mineral coal." Gas has also been found in boring for brine in Ohio.

Another peculiarity attending the vicinity of salt beds or springs, is the frequent occurrence of portions of earth sinking. These are technically called brine slips. They are supposed to have been caused by cavities formed beneath the surface, occasioned by the solution of beds of fossil salt. It may not be inappropriate, however, to remark that such slips are common in regions underlaid by gypsum or limestone. Persons called "brine smell-ers," who profess to tell the most proper localities for boring for salt, place great stress upon the occurrence of these slips.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF BRINE. According to experiments made by the writer of this article, it appears that the specific gravity of saturated salt water obtained from the salt fields in Syracuse, N. Y., is 1.213, water being one. A gill of the above mentioned water was found to contain 610 grains of saline matter. Therefore, a bushel of dry salt of the weight of fifty-six pounds, requires about twenty gallons of saturated brine; or, as salt in the ordinary state of dryness contains about five per cent of water, about nineteen gallons will be required.

The following table will show the comparative strength of brine from the principal salines in the country.

LOCALITIES.	NO. GAL'S BRINE TO THE BUSHEL OF SALT.
Boon's Lick, Mo., - - - - -	450
Nantucket Sea water, - - - - -	350
New York do. - - - - -	300
Conemaugh, Pa., - - - - -	300
Shawneetown, Ill., - - - - -	280
Jackson, Ohio, - - - - -	213
Lockharts, Miss., - - - - -	180
Shaneetown, 2d salines, - - - - -	123
St. Catherines, C. W., - - - - -	120
Zanesville, Ohio, - - - - -	95
Grand River, Ark., - - - - -	80
Illinois River, - - - - -	80
Kenhawa, Va., - - - - -	75
Montezuma, N. Y. (old well.) - - - - -	70
Grand Rapids, Mich., - - - - -	50to60
Muskingum, Ohio, - - - - -	50
Montezuma, (new well.) - - - - -	43to45
Onondaga, N. Y. (old wells.) - - - - -	40to45
do (new wells.) - - - - -	30to35
Holston River, Va., - - - - -	20
Saturated salt water, - - - - -	19
Salt Lake, California, - - - - -	19

R. R. S.

In an Albany boarding house the following regulations are posted up in the hall:

Boarders are requested when they return late, to take off their boots before getting into bed.

Making faces at the landlady not permitted.

When a gentleman has eaten sufficiently, he should leave the table without gluttoning until he is obliged to unbutton his vest.

Whittling in the parlor prohibited when ladies are present.

Any infraction of the above rules will lead to suspension of the infractor's office at breakfast on the following morning.

Natural History.

THE LION'S LEAP.

Once as I was traveling in Nemaqua-Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoor of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident. I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock was quite steep, a lion was creeping towards the rock to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief added, they were evidently talking to each other, although they talked loud enough, but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me.—*Capt. Maryall's Scenes in Africa.*

Camels on the Prairies.

The proposition to attempt the naturalization of camels into the Western Prairies seems to meet with general favor. There is no reason why the plan should not succeed, as these animals, originally natives of the temperate regions between Southern Siberia and the mountains of Thibet, have been diffused over the whole of Asia and Africa. They are as yet used in Turkey, and during the Arab domination were common in Spain. There is said to be no difference of characteristics between the Tartar steppes and the Western deserts; at all events, the experiment is worth a trial.—*Wash. Republic.*

Instinct.

We see anecdotes of animal acuteness, occasionally going the rounds. The following coon trick, related to us by a friend, is as keen as we remember to have heard. A raccoon was chained up near a tavern door in the country, in the neighborhood of which, sundry chickens were scratching about. The coon wanted one amazingly, but they kept beyond his reach. A piece of biscuit was dropped near the varmint; an idea struck him. He bit the biscuit into crumbs, and scattered it within reach of his chain, laid down and covered up his eyes with his paw. One of the chickens soon came within reach of the "sleeping beauty," and was snatched up in an instant.

Personal Sketches.

ARTHUR GORGEY.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUNGARIAN ARMY.

He was born in the year 1819, in the Zips (Northern Hungarian County) on the declivity of the Carpathian Mountains, not far from the Hungarian-German city Kasmark, where the young boy, Gorgey, attended school.—His family is an old Hungarian one, who had a manor on the romantic river Herneath, on which was the property of his uncle. His education was more that of a German than a Magyar, as the whole county of Zips is inhabited by a German population; although he learned the Magyar language as a boy, at the country seat of his uncle. For the continuation of his studies he was sent by his uncle to Presburg. In that city he devoted himself assiduously to his favorite sciences—Mineralogy, Botany, and Natural Philosophy. His teachers and professors admired his great talents, and called him "vir ingenio præditus."—In this same city of Presburg the first impressions of political pursuits were made upon him, as the Hungarian Congress had its sittings there.

Young Gorgey early found opportunity to become acquainted with Kossuth, whose tendencies he admired and approved. But he was unsatisfied with the licentious title of a Jurist, (student of law,) and left Presburg.—By the influence of his uncle, he was admitted into the military institution of Tuln, near Vienna, where he soon became highly distinguished for his progress in mathematics and chemistry. Warmly recommended by his professors, and cherished by his fellow-students, he left the institution and went to Vienna, where he was appointed Lieutenant of the Hungarian Hussar Regiment "Vacquani," which regiment belongs now to the Hungarian army; but his active and energetic mind, and high capacities, could not bear to be restrained within the capital, in a sphere so limited. He accordingly laid down the sword, and returned to his scientific pursuits, particularly Natural Philosophy.

Alternately he traveled through the different countries of Europe, and was active for another period in some scientific investigations. At Prague he was known by his friends as "the genius of Hungary." He there devoted all his time to chemistry, and made in this science some valuable discoveries. He was often seen in his shirt sleeves at the Laboratory, working like a mechanic at the fire, with the balloon, retort, or other tools, in his hands. He became afterwards manager of a chemical factory; but he soon relinquished it, and continued his travels, which he extended into Asia. Returning from there, he married, in the year 1844, a fine young lady, who was teacher in the Imperial Female Academy, and took possession of the manor of his uncle who has since died.

In the March revolution, he was among the chief leaders of Pesth, and therefore connected with Kossuth; but his extraordinary activity commenced, and his military genius was developed in the war which followed. Prince Stephen, the representative of the Emperor in Hungary, with whom he became acquainted at Prague, made him Captain, in which capa-

city he soon distinguished himself by his personal courage and strategy, in skirmishes with the rapacious Serbea and Raitzen. He advanced, therefore, under Massaros, to the rank of a Colonel, and as the Hungarian army retired beyond the Theiss, he was named General by Massaros, the Minister of War, who, with the consent of Kossuth, entrusted him with the glorious mission to the Slovaks, where his wonderful, unparalleled strategy, secured to the Hungarian army the success of the whole campaign. His manœuvres, battles, and victories are known. He at length besieged and took Waitzen, and threatened to cut off the Austrian army, which caused the evacuation of the Hungarian capital, Pesth, by the Austrians. He afterward besieged the strong fortress of Buda, and took it.

The surrender of Buda is considered by all the tacticians as of equal importance to a victory in a pitched battle. He informed Kossuth by telegraph of the surrender of this fortress, in a very laconic style, viz: "Hurrah! Buda! Gorgey!" The degree of field marshal was bestowed upon him by Kossuth, and the Congress, for this highly important action, and Kossuth answered him in the same style, viz: "The thanks of the Republic to the Field Marshal Gorgey."

Some days afterward the great patriot, the very old and highly respected Gen. Massaros, being no longer able to endure the arduous efforts of a Minister of War, wished to retire, and upon Gorgey was conferred this high office.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Miscellany.

A COUPLE.

Campbell's savage epigram on the United States flag, was well answered by Mr. Lunt. Campbell's is as follows:—

"United States! your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame;—
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!"

The white man's liberty, in types
Stands blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

And this is Mr. Lunt's retort:

"England! whence came each glowing hue,
That tints your flag of 'meteor' light,—
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white?"

The blood and bruise—the blue and red,
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The white—it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek!"

Marriage Relation.

Addison has left on record the following important sentence:—"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment—have in that action bound themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties, and imperfections to the end of their lives."

A Cool Operation.

"Halloo, there, capt'ing!" said a "brother Jonathan" to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wal, I guess I'll take passage, capt'ing, seeing as how I am kinder gin eout walking so far."

Accordingly, he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capt'ing, from here to where I came aboard?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents: but never mind, capt'ing, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vamoosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.—*Yankee Blade.*

True of Course.

A hog-drover, from Ohio, having disposed of his swine in one of the Eastern cities, strayed into a theater where *King John* was being played. He watched the play with a good deal of attention, though he didn't "zactly un'erstand the natur of the crittur," as he expressed it. But the scene in which Hubert and young Arthur enter completely absorbed him. When Arthur asks—

"Is there no remedy?"

and Hubert answers,

"None, but to lose your eyes!"

the Buckeye was on his feet in a second. "I say, yeou with the red-'otir'n! Ef yeou but jest tech a hair of that ar' boy's head, I'll knock you into lincked sassenges!"

The "pitiees" hooted, the bokes roared, and the Buckeye dropped into his seat like a big dumplin. Ae said "he didn't mean to interfere, but he'd be drat-rahbited ef he wanted to see the boy's eyes druv up!"

Perfection of Nature.

Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a solar microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar; but the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits every where the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal.—The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. How magnificent is the system of Nature!

Chinese Fire Works.

In a display, which was lately made at Canton, for peace, a resemblance was made of a vine arbor, which burned without being consumed; the trunk, the branches, leaves, grapes, burned in their proper colors. After this had delighted the spectators, another piece was begun. A dozen-cylinders discharged an immense number of rockets, which formed themselves into stars, serpents, and flying dragons. This magnificent scene was followed by a grand discharge, on all sides, of a shower of fire, with which were intermixed globe-shaped lanterns, with sentences written on them.—Then ascended another display in the shape of pillars formed of rings of light, which seemed for a moment to turn night into day. At last the grand display took place; the Chinese dragon appeared in all his glory, surrounded by ten thousand winged creatures, standards, banners, and, suddenly upon his back appeared the figure of the emperor in blue lights.—These, in turn, changed to yellow; and lastly, to the most intense white. A roar of ten thousand reports now shook the air, a canopy of green arose above the emperor, from the midst of which a volcano of rockets arose; and the sight ended.

Winter in Spitzbergen.

The single night of this dreadful country begins about the 30th of October; the sun then sets, and never appears until about the tenth of February. A glimmering indeed continues some weeks after the setting of the sun; then succeed clouds and thick darkness, broken by the light of the moon, which is as luminous as in England, and during this long night shines with unfading luster. The cold strengthens with the new year, and the sun is ushered in with an unusual severity of frost. By the middle of March, the cheerful light grows strong, arctic foxes leave their holes, and the sea-fowl resort in great numbers to their breeding places. The sun sets no more after the fourth of May; the distinction of day and night is then lost. In the height of summer the sun is hot enough to melt the tar on the decks of ships; but from August its power declines—it sets fast. After the middle of September, day is hardly distinguishable, and by the end of October takes a long farewell of this country; the earth becomes frozen, and winter reigns.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Emperor Nicholas at Sea.

It is stated in a recent work upon Russia, that the Emperor, on visiting the ship-of-the-line "Russia," while on the stocks, thought there was not sufficient room to walk about, and accordingly commanded the space to be enlarged, even enforcing his opinion against competent judges. In consequence, this vessel is the worst sailor in the Russian navy, and is very seldom employed. When he takes it into his head to command the movements of a ship, which he does almost every time he goes to sea, the captain of the vessel takes care to keep behind him, in order, by counter signals, to prevent the execution of his Majesty's orders, which would inevitably lead to the loss of the ship and its august passenger.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

W. L. PALMER

Is our agent; Office between the West doors of the Syracuse House, No. 2, Salina St.

The Proprietor, or one of the Editors, may usually be found at their private office,

Corner of Warren and Fayette Sts., over O. S. Sumner's Store, and opposite the Episcopal (St. Paul's) Church.

VENTILATION.

Syracuse Halls and Churches.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written upon the subject of Ventilation, its necessity is not yet sufficiently known and appreciated to make any material improvement in the habits of society or the architecture of our public and private buildings.

When our schools shall have furnished to the world a class of youth instructed in the general principles of Physiology, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, we may anticipate, on this subject, a general reform.

A man with large lungs, by holding his breath for a few moments, can throw out, at a single expiration, a gallon of air so strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, as to extinguish the flame of a candle immediately, if it is immersed therein. Probably, therefore, we ordinarily expire a quart of air every time we breathe, which is so dangerously contaminated that it will not support flame, and is destructive to animal life. This shows that a person should not long remain even alone, in a small room without ventilation. To sleep in a small room with closed doors and windows is dangerous and suicidal; and if ignorance could not be pleaded in extenuation, impiety to the scientific revelations of the Almighty, might well be added to the more excusable charge of folly. But when scores, and hundreds, and sometimes thousands are assembled beneath the same roof, with no special means of ventilation, how suddenly must the air be changed from purity to dangerous admixtures of gas and miasma, whose immediate influence is discomfort and suffering, and whose ultimate effect, if continued, must be disease and death. On such occasions, how often do the lights become dim, but burn suddenly with increased brilliancy, when the doors are opened and the audience disperse! How often, too, does the audience become restless and drowsiness and headache take the place of useful thought and innocent pleasure! The minister preaches a powerful sermon, but it falls ineffectually upon stupid ears. A splendid musician or singer attempts his most celebrated performances; but a vitiated and deadened air spoils the beauties and tone of the most extraordinary efforts; they seem almost commonplace. The more important the occasion, and the larger the audience, the more certain and effectual is this curse of a diseased atmosphere.

But all these evils can be avoided by double chimnies for ventilation, or by flues in the upper and lower floors.

We have been induced to make these remarks by our visits to Malcolm Hall, which has no means of ventilation except the windows, but has an ornamental and expensive ceiling in the middle of the room entirely closed, instead of furnishing one or more large apertures for the egress of the heat-

ed air. Brentnall's new and beautiful Hall is also being finished in the same fashionable, but very objectionable manner. We have also three splendid church edifices in progress; and we presume they are likewise objectionable. We hope the clergymen who expect to officiate in them, will so far prize their reputation as public speakers, that they will strive to furnish a pure and invigorating atmosphere for the benefit of their hearers. It may add much to the power of their eloquence, and much to the cause of truth. God has thrown around us an ocean of air; this air is our breath and our life; it is free and brings to us, if pure, vigor and health, but if impure, it substitutes sorrow for joy, pain for pleasure, disease for health, death for life. Choose, then, which you will have. And let every one, who understands the importance of the subject, raise, on all proper occasions, a voice of warning and expostulation against the common but dangerous modes of building, till our public edifices, at least, shall cease to be agencies of discomfort, disease, and death.

Board of Health vs. Vegetables.

Our Board of Health, doubtless, deserve great credit for many of the sanitary measures which they have devised and carried into effect. For all these, they should receive ample compensation and many thanks. But, sometimes their action has excited wonder, or merriment, or anything but respect. The last important Bulletin is dated August 10th, and says, "That no person shall at any time during the present month, sell, give away, or in any manner dispose of, or expose for sale within said city, any vegetables, except ripe potatoes," &c. &c., under "pains and penalties provided by law." Now we think this is going "a little too far," as Mrs. Partington says. Let us examine this language. Some hundreds of "persons" in "said city" have gardens, but the remnant "vegetables" which kind hearted benevolence might prompt them to bestow on a poor and suffering neighbor, they must not even "give away" without being "subject to the pains and penalties" of that barbarous whipping master called law. Aye more, "no person" shall "in any manner dispose of" the same. Not having Blackstone at hand, we here consulted Webster, who says, among his definitions, that "dispose of" means "to part with," "to use or employ," "to put away," "to put in any condition." Our own eyes, also, have taught us that when the "vegetables" upon our plate came to be numbered, as Judge Story says, among the "things that were, but are not"—why—they were "disposed of"—surely they were—in the most emphatic manner imaginable. We, therefore, being law abiding citizens, and fearing also the "pains and penalties" alluded to, have gravely questioned the propriety of "disposing of" any more "vegetables" "in any manner" whatever, but resorting instead thereof to the dietetics of *meat and milk* "during the present month."

However, passing along the streets to-day, Aug. 13th, our law abiding sense of propriety was grievously shocked by the sight of "vegetables" and "unripe" and "unwholesome fruit" which neither the sellers nor the Board had "disposed of;" and we feared some might suffer the "pains" of cholera or cholera, though they appeared to defy the Handbill-published "penalties" of the law.

Take heed, therefore, O ye members of the Board of Health! that the Executive Department of your Administration do not convert your grave and denouncing *Bulletin* into a powerless and ridiculous *Bull*.

Rome.

We cannot help speaking of Rome. The conduct of that people has been so high and noble, when compared with that of their persecutors, that we must admire. Beside their lofty patriotism—their moderation towards their foes—their forgetfulness of the merely selfish—how pitiful does the present course of even our own country seem.—Quarrelling about petty politics not worth the wind expended in shouting over one victorious election—now throwing the whole soul into an ignoble strife for wealth, and now making murderous war on a weak neighbor—how poorly does this contrast with the heroism of that people who have said, 'we will perish amid the beautiful works of art which mark all the ages of Rome's sovereignty, rather than resign our liberties to an invading army or a domestic tyrant.'

Father Matthew.

We regret exceedingly the bigoted tone assumed by certain of the religious press, relative to the labors of this eminent philanthropist. The mere fact of his being a Catholic is made a sufficient reason, with them, for stifling all admiration of his self-sacrificing labors, and withholding that support, on American ground, which public acclamation accords to such labors. One would think, from these cold and jealous comments, that the scriptural injunction of hospitality had no place in Protestant bibles, and that the divine lessons of charity and love had become an obsolete letter. We talk a great deal of tolerance; yet Evangelical presses utter sentiments that would have disgraced Rome in its darkest age.

The Weather and Crops.

While the North has suffered so generally from drouth, the crops at the South have, in many instances, been nearly destroyed by heavy rains.—There will, perhaps, be something of scarcity in consequence, though we have noticed that these things usually turn out differently from what people expect. When a particular crop is short, so much the more care is taken in husbanding it, and the succeeding spring shows no deficiency.

The Salt Springs of New York.

We call special attention to a paper with this title in the present No. It is the fruit of much laborious research, and may be relied on as entirely accurate. The writer is Mr. R. R. Stetson, of this city;—a gentleman well qualified for such an investigation.

National School Convention.

This important meeting has been postponed on account of Cholera. It will be held at Philadelphia on the 17th of October. No admonition is needed, we trust, to the real friends of education, to assist so praiseworthy and comprehensive an effort.

The Cholera

Is generally decreasing. It has nearly or quite disappeared from Cincinnati and St. Louis, and is visibly diminishing its ravages in all quarters.

The State Agricultural Fair of Michigan, will be held in Monroe, on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of September. Hon. E. Lathrop, of Schoolcraft, will deliver the Address.

Correspondence.

CHALKINGS FROM A BLACKBOARD.

ELM VALE, School Room, July '49.

Messrs. Editors of the UNION:

In choosing a theme for my pen this morning, my eye chanced to light upon that far-famed word of five letters—UNION, which figures so largely upon your little page. And I wonder what it means? and what its mission is, to this world of words and thoughts?—why was it ever aroused from its oblivious rest and started forth in the wild and weary chase for fame and glory? towards which every idea as well as human intelligence seems urged, and for which they battle on the field of Life.

Let me examine Webster's large Quarto. Here I read:—Union;—concord, agreement and confirmation of mind, will, affections or interest. The junction or united existence of spirit and matter. In painting and architecture, a symmetry in colors and materials. In ecclesiastical affairs, the combining of two churches into one, &c. In legal states and kingdoms, united.

Well, here I have it elaborate and unreserved, yet, I am still in the mist; for it is with its own peculiar workings in life, and its influence upon the character and affairs of men with which I have to do, and my definition wants the striking clearness and spirit which the eloquence of living examples exhibit, and to life I go.

A bright and joyous morning is opening before me as I write. Far in the east, just rising above the blue hills, appears our noble generator of light and heat. In the distant west, vermillion clouds, of lace-like texture veil the dark, rich blue of heaven. Just by my window, a myriad of velvet leaves, glittering with watery pearls, dance amid a flood of radiant light, and above and around me, birds of brilliant plumage fill the air with heaven-born music. I gaze. Stamped high, in golden characters, amid this strangely beautiful scene, one word I read that thrills each chord of feeling, and bursts the spell in which the origin of all this beauty is enshrouded. That little word is—UNION. And from thence I learn that it is the power of the earth and air and sky combined, that makes this world so beautiful, and that little word seems doubly dear.

It is evening. The guardian heads of a large family, with their group of youthful immortals about them gather around a cheerful fire. The crackling of the stubborn wood, and the musical wooing of the greedy elements before them, conspire to render the scene full of vivacity and spirit. Each heart seems eager to contribute to the pleasure of the hour, and the overflowing cup of mirth is passed from heart to heart, and quaffed to its lowest depths. Not the rude intoxicating pleasure of dissipation, but the peaceful, soul-ennobling influence of love unmingled.

The reverend father speaks. All bend, with listening ears and willing hearts to the lesson of instruction which he is about to utter; and sweetly he is heard to breathe the high and noble sentiment, that—"UNION is strength:"—thus distilling into those plastic minds, principles that are to serve as golden chains to link their interests in future times, and bind them to the cause which they may espouse.

In tracing them as, in future days, they step forth on the uncertain, slippery stage of life, we find them strong in purpose, and determined in the pursuit of such measures as will promote the peace and harmony of society, and strengthen the links of

friendship. Thus the governing influence of their earlier days, is the moving power that urges them onward, and calls forth and casts their influence in the binding of the interests which they claim as theirs and the world's at large. And I learn the truth of that noble saying,—“Thrice happy and blessed is the family, where perfect UNION subsists among its members.”

Nature, with breath of heavenly birth, first thrills the Eolian chords of harmony. An undying note, of deep and moving melody, is struck, which is henceforth to shape the proudest destinies of man, while yet of earth, and tell upon the present weal or woe of nations. With hidden wings it is borne onward until the ever listening ear of the aged sire catches the cheering sound, and pours forth its sentiment into the hearts of the noble, ambitious youth, ever the only future hopes of the earth, and a fire is kindled in the soul's dark depths, which future ages must only see bursting upward and still upward as it to reach its fountain head—the immutable principle of Love.

But with only a thought advanced, I find my allotted space more than filled. Hence, I must bid “good bye” till a future day. GRAZIELLA.

Educational.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN N. Y. CITY.

Something of a controversy which has recently been going on between the N. Y. Tribune and some of the City Teachers, we believe calculated to interest our readers, and shall therefore notice it. New York, as the metropolis of the country, should possess model schools, and the tendency of country teachers, is to regard them as such, whether deserving this consideration or not. Before we attempt to imitate them, however, it is desirable to know, not only their excellencies, but their defects, in order to shun them. For our own part, we know nothing personally, never having, much to our regret, visited any of them; but from the description of those who have, we are not deeply impressed in their favor.

The criticisms of the Tribune commenced with the article on the Free Academy, which we republished last week. This gave occasion for several communications, from teachers and others, and these, in turn, called out the article we now subjoin. There is so much of pertinence in the strictures, that we are sure all teachers will deliberate seriously on the general evils it exposes:—

COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION.

We adverted in a late number of *The Tribune*, to the bungling system of instruction that prevails in the Schools generally of this city, and, we have good reason to believe, throughout the Union. Our remarks have had the effect of flooding us with communications, some from teachers who think the members of their profession are more roughly handled than they deserve to be, and others from patrons of the Common Schools, who think we did only what the facts of the case warranted us in doing. But no man who has written to us on the subject has invited us to go or to send a well qualified gentleman to his school for the purpose of taking the classes into his own hands, to see what they can actually do. We question very much whether many of them would be pleased with a fair public criticism on the proficiency of their scholars. Two or three of these communications we inserted in yesterday's *Tribune*, but as they were so long we could not then afford space to comment upon them as they deserve.

We have long been aware of the necessity of thoroughly re-organizing the internal machinery of the school-room. The examination at the Free Academy merely confirmed us in our opinion, based upon our knowledge of the teachers of the schools and of the qualifications of the scholars who have been educated in them. It is not necessary, we should imagine, to remind well-qualified instructors, that whatever there is of depreciation in our remarks does not apply to them. They ought to bear in mind that the most effectual step they can take to make their patrons and us rank them among the bunglers alluded to, would be for them to make a ridiculous attempt to defend imperfections and abuses that every good teacher knows to exist and is as anxious to do away with as we are. So defective indeed is the present system of education, that men, who under an efficient, right-working system, would be very good instructors, are now comparatively useless. We hold the whole machinery for mental training to be ill-adapted to its purpose, and we are not able to perceive that Teachers' Associations, Academies of Education, or State Conventions of County Superintendents, have done much more than to lay still more bare the magnitude of the evil, and to convince the public of their incompetency to bring about, or even to propose a desirable, and at the same time, a practicable change. They have certainly talked a great deal, and sometimes written, but nothing more.—We speak of course generally.

We will now proceed to point out what we consider to be some of the radical evils of the system, and their cure. Among them stands foremost to our mind, that of not making the practical knowledge of it—that of not teaching him, as far as is practicable, to do what he is taught can be done. For example, a scholar does not learn to spell words aloud and by heart, because he is ever going to have an occasion for an oral display of his knowledge of orthography. Men do not go about spelling their words orally, neither can a man's knowledge of orthography be ascertained by his speech. He will never have occasion to use it, except in writing; yet, strange to say, orthography is not taught by writing—it is not taught in the only way in which it will ever be of practical service to a man in every-day life. We know, from positive experience, that there are scholars in most of the schools in this city who can spell through the language orally, scarcely missing a word, but who cannot write ten lines without making gross errors. Take their writing from them and ask them to spell orally the words they have mis-written, and they will do so correctly, and without hesitation, wondering how they could have committed such blunders in writing. We do not wonder at it. It would be indeed strange were it otherwise. How could they expect to learn the art of writing correctly, doing a thing without daily practice until familiar with it. Now we deem it indispensable that a child, to become a good speller, be taught to make a letter or a word at the instant that he is taught to read it—that he be in like manner made familiar, successively, with all the orthographical perplexities of our language. The result of the present system of teaching may be seen every day. That there are but few good spellers has passed into a common-place. It is a singular fact that school-masters make more blunders of this sort than any other class of professional men. A publishing house in this city that has extensive correspondence with teachers in all parts of the Union, informs us that the worst spelled and altogether the greenest letters they receive, come from that class of persons. This, after all, is to be expected. They have

not learned, they do not practice, neither do they teach the art in the right way. The French have altogether the start of us in this respect, so much so that the word *epeler* is seldom or never used.—A Frenchman never asks another how he *spells* his name, but how he *writes* it. These remarks are susceptible of still further illustration, and we may at some other time speak of the still more stupid way of teaching “the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety.”—*Tribune*

—A reply to this article, written by a ‘distinguished teacher,’ was published by the *Tribune* with comments. Its length precludes an insertion here, but we will give its principal points. He thus describes the schools:—

“The Public School Society have under their supervision 18 large schools numbered from 1 to 18, inclusive. Of these No. 6 is on Randall’s Island, and No. 9, (a small building with but one teacher,) at Bloomingdale. Omitting these, there are left 16 schools which can send pupils to the Academy. Of the Ward Schools there are 24, according to the Manual. Of these Nos. 7, 9, 12, 15, are exclusively for girls; No. 11 is transferred to No. 1; No. 22 is at Yorkville, and No. 24, at Harlem. Omitting these we have 17 Ward Schools, which added to the 16 Public Schools, give 33 Common Schools in the City of New York, from which pupils should be sent to the Free Academy. Permit me a few words in regard to these schools. By the Annual Report of the Board of Education, for 1849, we find that at the examination held last January, 143 scholars were admitted to the Academy, and of these 91 were from the Ward, and 52 from the Public Schools; thus giving a majority of 75 per cent, to the Ward Schools. I know not whether the ratio is as large at the last examination, but from the inquiries I have made I think it is, and even larger. Again, I can name some 10 or 12 schools (and those mostly Ward Schools) which have furnished to the Academy a great majority of its students. This should be well known, and I therefore repeat it, *that a majority of the students now at the Free Academy, have been furnished by a small number of schools, and those principally Ward Schools.* Now should the teachers of those schools be stigmatized as ‘sleepy and addleheads?’”

—He has previously censured the *Tribune* in strong terms for stating that there were serious defects in the system, and now *acknowledges* and proceeds to give the reasons for them.

1st. An unjust system of promotion, whereby the oldest, and not the best teachers are advanced, thereby destroying in the young teacher any ambitious incentive. This also appears to us a most unwise regulation, and totally at variance with the progressive and enlightened spirit of our free institutions.

2d. *The plan of building*; it being mostly on the old Laneasterian model. We are not surprised at this, for it almost seemed to us, in observing schoolhouses, that the general plan of the architect has been to make the building as inappropriate as possible—so ill-contrived are most of these houses.

3d. *The location of many houses in disreputable neighborhoods*, which prevents the patronage of respectable citizens, no matter how good the teacher. We can judge but imperfectly of this feature.

In the same article, he informs us that the examinations of those pupils admitted were highly creditable to their schools.

Let the reader ponder on these facts, and ere long we shall attempt an examination of the same points and some others which have long seemed to us to demand discussion.

The Public Schools.

The term in our public schools previous to the summer vacation, terminated Tuesday. The examinations, we learn, were highly satisfactory.—The exhibitions were numerously attended, and the exercises were of deep interest. We were present at the Quincy school during the greater part of the examination, and were highly delighted. The scholars were exceedingly orderly and well-behaved and showed great proficiency in their several studies. Mr. Philbrick and his accomplished assistants, male and female, deserve great credit for the excellent character of the school. The scholars are warmly attached to their teachers, and the graduating class, as a mode of testifying their regard for Mr. Philbrick, presented him with a large frame, in which were set the lithographic likenesses of the whole class. The presentation took place at the close of the examination. The school examinations are deeply interesting, and form the most correct means of estimating the future character of our people.—*Boston Atlas*.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant.

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

The Gridiron.

The New York evening Post very humorously describes the aspect of the country as appearing, to Mr. Calhoun’s eyes, like a celebrated gridiron place in Spain. Every part, he says, political, physical, scenic, and every act, presents to the disturbed imagination of the South Carolina Statesman, but one object. There is a palace, it says, in Spain, of vast dimensions and exceeding grandeur, and of proportionate costliness, built in the shape of a gridiron, to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, in which this instrument was used. The place itself—each particular room, and every ornament, instrument, and piece of furniture in the building, was after the pattern of this domestic utensil. The eye could not rest upon anything else but the shape of a gridiron—emblem of the martyrdom. It is equally Mr. Calhoun’s necessity to behold in every public movement, past, current, or projected, in the political world, the martyrdom of the South—the gridiron upon which slavery has been, or is to be, stretched. The last gridiron that has appeared to his vision, is the Pacific Railroad.

The Post doubts whether Mr. Calhoun would go to heaven, unless slavery was allowed there.—*Exchange*.

David Wilmot’s Constituents.

For four years in succession, the free soil county of Bradford, Pennsylvania, the residence of David Wilmot, has been the first to collect and transmit to the Treasurer of the State, the taxes annually assessed upon it. Whether, says the N. Y. Evening Post, there be any connection between the progress of manly free soil opinion and the restoration of the public credit in Pennsylvania, we do not undertake to say, but the fact we have is creditable to Bradford county, and deserves to take rank among the memorabilia which will grace her annals with the unswerving support which her citizens have extended for so many years to David Wilmot.—*Atlas*.

The ‘Coming Man.’

Those gifted with an extraordinary exuberance of faith, may find scope for it in the following from the Canadian correspondent of ‘*Le Moniteur*’:—

PROPHECY.—Canada will become free, and will be annexed to the United States in five years.—Upper Canada will form one State, Lower Canada a second, and New Brunswick a third. Independence of the country will be obtained by means of petitions addressed to the parent country, signed by men of all parties, and among others by 60,000 French Canadians. Lord Elgin will never go back to England. The first Governor of the State of Lower Canada will be a man of middle age, who, just now is living very retired, equally unknown to all parties. He is a Canadian in heart and feeling. His mother is a Canadian, but his father is of English origin, although born in Canada. It is this double character, meeting in him, which will cause him to be advanced to the Presidency by the almost unanimous voice of the people. Louis Joseph Papineau will not be one of the first to declare himself in favor of the annexation, although he longs for it with all his heart. His name will be glorious in the future (*dans l’avenir*.) All the Canadians will unite to send him as their representative to the Senate in Congress. Believe this, or believe it not, as it suits you; it will turn out the same in the end.

Mr. Clayton and Peter’s Pence.

It is clear that, according to the views promulgated by Mr. Clayton in regard to the steamship United States, that the American Secretary of State must seize and sequester the sums which have been collected for the relief of the Pope. The Roman Republic has been in existence for five months, and is incontestibly the government *de facto* of the Roman States. But the United States being strictly neutral in all foreign quarrels, must necessarily recognize the *de facto* government of a country. If it recognizes any other it cannot remain neutral. The collection in aid of the Pope is for the service of a set of rebels aiming at the overthrow of an established government. How then can Mr. Clayton let the funds of the Pope leave the country? Let him sequester them. No bond and security can be taken from the bishops who have made the collections; for money circulating freely from hand to hand cannot be traced, and hence the money must be actually detained if we wish to be certain that it will not be used for belligerent purposes. Let the Secretary of State act promptly. The matter requires immediate and decided action. We hope the Secretary will not evade the question by saying that the United States government is bound to prevent aid from being given to liberal neutrals, but that it may wink at the assistance given to legitimate sovereigns. If Mr. Clayton’s ideas of international law are correct, they should be the same for the Papal rebels as for the German liberals.—*N. O. Crescent*.

The New Hampshire Legislature at its recent session, provided that after the second Tuesday in March next, the day of the State election, no licence shall be granted for the sale of liquors, except for medical or mechanical purposes.—*Ex*.

STATE CONVENTIONS.—The Whig Convention, for the nomination of State officers, is to be held in Syracuse, on the 25th of September. The Democratic Convention will be held at the same place on the 5th September.

Literary.

NOTICES.

THE NATIONAL SPEAKER. By Henry B. Maglathlin, A. M. Boston: Robert S. Davis. 1849.

This is a beautiful volume of 324 pages, containing original and selected exercises in prose, poetry, and dialogue, intended for declamation and recitation.

The Elocutionary Analysis or Introduction, is brief, but it clearly develops many valuable elocutionary principles, and contains excellent exercises for oral expression.

The selections for declamation and recitation, are judicious and varied, and have the rare merit of not being mainly compiled from other works of similar character. This, we think, is no small praise. One might imagine that the authors of our Elocutionary and Reading Books, generally, had torn the leaves from some half a dozen similar works, shook them up well in a basket, and then picked up, almost without discrimination, enough to form a new volume. Our Copyright Law, however, virtually forbids the use of the same selection for a similar purpose; and as the original selectors or publishers can serve a prohibitory injunction on all subsequent copyers, we presume this plagiaristic system of making such books, will be found inconvenient, expensive, and unwise. Mr. Maglathlin's Dialogues are also new, and, for this difficult part of such a work, we think well chosen.

The occasional Addresses and Exercises form an original feature and a very appropriate one. The Elocutionary Analysis, or first part of the work, is bound separately, thus furnishing the scientific portion in so cheap a form as to be within the means of every pupil. Both volumes are published in fine style, and, we think, are amply deserving of public patronage. We cannot, however, avoid objecting to the use of Worcester's local orthography instead of that ordinarily acknowledged American standard, Dr. Webster. Webster's philological labors were Herculean; and his reputation is so acknowledged and world-wide, that we can hardly hope for any general standard if we abandon his authority for local innovations or any Lexicographer of less reputation. The war eulogizing extracts may also foster a wrong spirit in the youthful mind, and might well be exchanged for commendations of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXXXI. July, 1849.

We have just received this ever welcome publication, and, from a hasty examination, believe that the present is an uncommonly valuable No. The Article on *Austria and Hungary*, and the Review of *Macaulay's History of England*, will be generally read—nay, they will be devoured. Besides these, there are "Transportation as it now is," "Shakspeare's Critics, English and Foreign," "De Toqueville's Reign of Louis XV.," "Free Trade," "Corpus Ignatianum," "Sir E. Bulwer Lytton: King Arthur," and "Tindale's Sardinia."

INTRODUCTION TO THE NATIONAL-ARITHMETIC, designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M., Principal of Bradford Teachers' Seminary. New Stereotype Edition, with additions and improvements. Boston: Robert S. Davis. 1849.

This is a very good work, holding a medium place, between the Old Arithmetics and the most

original ones of a recent date. It has no prominently original features, but with much that is old, judiciously sprinkles a portion of modern improvements. There are two editions, one with answers and one without them; it also has questions at the bottom of each page. It does not come up to our ideal of what an Arithmetic should be; but we nevertheless consider it a judicious and good work—one that has no very prominent faults, but has no very original nor peculiarly praiseworthy features.

The Mental Arithmetic, upon the inductive plan; for beginners, by the same author, is a very good little work of about seventy pages, though we think some portions may be too advanced for the class of pupils intended.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamer America.

England.

An immense sympathy meeting for the Hungarians has been held in London. Lords and commoners—peace-men and war-men, participated. Parliament is aroused, by this demonstration, to a similar feeling.

The Queen is preparing to visit Ireland.

France.

Prosecutions continue of those engaged in the affair of June.

There are rumors of a movement to make Louis Napoleon Emperor; also, of one to re-instate Louis Philippe.

The Prince Canino has been obliged to leave France.

Italy.

Rome is tranquil. All orders are promulgated in the Pope's name.

Garibaldi is still at large with his legion.

Venice holds out.

There are prospects of a final treaty between Austria and Sardinia.

A new Municipality has been appointed in Rome.

Manifestations of strong feeling on the part of the people, continue.

Hungary.

The news is encouraging. Tremendous battles have been fought, resulting in the general success of the Hungarians. Bem is successful in the south, having defeated Jellachich—severe actions between Haynau and Gorgey, supported by Dembinskir, have forced the Austrians to fall back.

By the next arrival we hope for something more definite.

An account of the battle of Waitzen, from the Manchester Examiner, is subjoined:—

"At length some light breaks through the mist which has covered late operations in Hungary, and we obtain a glimpse of a great battle fought and won by the brave Magyars against the combined hosts of despotism. The conflicting and confused accounts which have been published, yield, on examination, the following facts: After the battle of the 11th inst., in which Haynau suffered severely, and both parties continued to hold the same ground before Comorn, Gorgey appears to have rested for a few days. Meanwhile the Hungarians had evacuated Pesth and vanished from the Bakony Forest, so that a division of the Austrian army under Moltke, was enabled to occupy Buda without opposition, and after re-constructing a part of the

suspension bridge across the Danube, to enter Pesth; which was also visited by the Russians on the 12th inst. The latter, under the command of Paskiewitch, pressed on to Waitzen; but Gorgey, who appears to have been aware of all their movements, moved on to meet them on the 14th, having left a garrison in Comorn sufficient to keep Haynau in check.

"The latter appears to have been out-generated, for on the 15th he marched by the right bank of the Danube to Buda. On the morning of the 15th (Sunday) a tremendous attack was made by the Hungarians 'on part of the great Russian army,' at Waitzen. Upward of 40,000 men, with 120 pieces of cannon, under the command of Gorgey, broke the Russian lines and forced them to retreat in disorder to Duna Keesh and the Kakosh plain, within a few miles of Pesth. The Russians were unable to bear up against the repeated charges of the Magyar cavalry, led by Nagy Sandor, and which are described to have been alike brilliant and terrible. Nothing saved this portion of the Russian force from annihilation, but the arrival of the Austria General, Remberg, from Pesth, with considerable re-inforcements, and the appearance of Gen. Sass, with the Russian reserve corps of 15,000 men. The battle lasted till evening. During the night the Russians were still further re-inforced from Buda, and another action took place on the 16th, but this was comparatively slight, the Hungarian force opposed to the Austro-Russians being composed only of cavalry and two batteries of artillery; the great body of their forces having moved northward unknown to the enemy."

THE DEFEAT OF JELLACHICH.—According to the *General Correspondence* of Vienna, of the 21st inst., they have received disagreeable news for Austria, from the theater of war in Southern Hungary. Bem has crossed the Franz Canal at the head of 5,000 men, taken the entrenchments raised by the Croats, and after a series of combats, which lasted four days, has set the fortress of Peterwarden free from its beleaguers. They had not been able to ascertain the loss sustained by the Imperialists nor by enemy, but it must have been considerable on both sides. The Bacska and Czai-kister are seriously menaced. The Bacska was actually evacuated, but the latter was still in the hands of the Austrians. The headquarters of the Ban are at Kovil. The Hungarian troops, who are said by the Austrians to be fanatically devoted to Kossuth, have taken the route to the south and the army of the Ban, diminished by sickness, can oppose no sufficient force against them. The greatest consternation reigns in Syrmia and Sclavonia.

They fear that the Hungarians will cross the Danube, and make up a devastating attack on their confines. It is even feared that Bem will not hesitate to invade the Venetian territory. Peterwarden is still invested on the side of Syrmia. The Magyar forces in the south are reckoned to amount to 100,000 men. This unhappy news for the Imperialists is confirmed by letters from Agram, stating that Rombor had been seized by the Magyars, who entered amidst the lively acclamations of the people. The menacing attitude of Bem had determined the Ban to retire, that he might not be cut off. Large convoys of wagons with wounded soldiers, and numbers of fugitive troops, had arrived at Bacska, at Esseg, and at Mitrovitz. The roads being in the hands of Bem is the cause that has prevented news from reaching the Imperial commandant of the actual position of the belligerent parties in Hungary. This news receives confirmation from the circumstance that Field Marshal

Haynau, following the advice of Geldzeugmeister Nugent, had resolved upon sending two new corps to re-inforce the Austrian troops in the south.

There is a report that Bem has defeated Luders—also one that he is defeated. We give a favorable bulletin:—

"The *Kolnische Zeitung* publishes the following bulletin:

'BISTRITZ, June 26.

'We have taken Bistritz to-day. No defense was made. The enemy retreated. I will pursue them to-morrow. BEM.'

'BISTRITZ, June 29.

'I have beaten the Russians. My outposts are at Rackendorf. My maiden army fought seven hours with the Russian horse, and drove them back.

'POSTSCRIPT.—My troops have entered Valendorf. BEM.'

'BISTRITZ, July 2.

'I have for the fourth time advanced to Bistritz, by way of Gros Sajs and Varsahely. I hold the enemy in the defiles of Borgo, without having had occasion to claim the assistance of our troops at Karisburg. BEM.'

These bulletins are in a manner explained by the following news from Constantinople:—

"On the 21st of June, General Luders took Cronstadt, after a violent contest with 400 Hungarians that had been left in that town. After taking Cronstadt, the Russians marched upon Hermanstadt. The Hungarians, under Bem, advanced to Fogarash to meet them. After a bloody battle, which lasted 36 hours, General Luders being totally defeated, retreated to Cronstadt, which city is filled with the wounded and dying. Another Russian corps, which was to force an entry from Moldavia into Transylvania, at Aydosch, was likewise roughly handled, and thrown back into Moldavia."

MISCELLANEOUS.—On the 9th of July, Kossuth removed from Pesth to Szegedin, accompanied by the official functionaries and the Chambers of Hungary. They have since removed to the fortress of Arad; and as their armies are gathering in that quarter, and over the whole plains of the Theise, their preparation are evidently matured for securing in those districts a refuge for Hungarian freedom.

General Haynau has been disgraced, and has to resign his command into the hands of Gen. Hesse, who has just been appointed Feldzeugmeister.

It is stated, in a Vienna letter of the 20th, that the Princess Czartoryska, nee Radzwill, was arrested on the previous day, and her correspondence seized.

Three ladies of high birth, are under imprisonment at Pesth, for having manifested sympathy for the insurgents. They were tried by court-martial.

Letters from the camp near Comorn, in the *Presse*, give an awful description of the scenes that are enacting in the country around the fortress. On all sides, columns of fire are seen rising to the skies; villages, farms, boats and bridges are in flames. The artillery of the fortress and the Imperialist batteries, with 60 cannon of the largest calibre, are firing against each other.

Letters from Lemberg, in Galicia, state that the want of coin has at length been relieved by the issue of notes to the value of 6 and 10 kreutzers, or 2d and 4 1-2d.

Turkey.

The *Sudslavische Zeitung*, says:

"A rebellion has broken out on the Turkish border of Croatia, headed by one Kerich, whose object is to throw off the sovereignty of the Porte,

and bring the north-west corner of Bosnia under the control of the Ban Jellachich, whose family castle lies in this district. Kerich, at the head of some 3,000 men, advanced on the 12th inst., toward the Unna, driving before him Vizier's picquets of Nizam, of whom he is determined to purge all the Cis-Una country."

Advices from Constantinople inform us, that the Porte has issued a protest against the marching of Russian troops through, and gives notice that if the Russians attempt to repass, they will all be disarmed. This energetic protest and notice is said to have produced a great sensation.

Germany.

Radstadt has surrendered.

The armistice between Denmark and the Duchies, is progressing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Little of interest. The Californians are trying to erect a government.

The steamer *Empire State* was lost near Sheboygan—no lives lost.

PROCLAMATION BY KOSSUTH.—We find in the *Kolnische Zeitung*, the following proclamation addressed by Kossuth to the people of Pesth, on leaving the city before the entry of the Russians, and translate it for *The Tribune*, as follows:—

Noble inhabitants of Buda and Pesth, let your bearing be calm and neutral! Meet hospitably your enemies, the Austrians; hang out black and yellow flags [the Austrian colors are black and yellowed], so that the heart of the land, the most self-sacrificing of cities, may suffer no injuries.—We must leave you, for we cannot here develop our forces. But be consoled. In a few moons I shall again greet the dear Capitol. Before leaving you, dear brothers, I have taken care that you should not fall in need, and that no scarcity of provisions should occur. Farewell, till we meet again! (Signed by Kossuth.)

GLEANINGS.

Mr. Duffy re-commences the "Nation," at Dublin, on the 25th ult.

Louis Blanc has started a new Review, called *The New World*.

Thirty-six Austrian bishops have published a pastoral letter, warning the faithful against a *badly directed love of liberty*.

The late Miss Abby Hutchinson, now Mrs. Ludlow Patten, lies very ill at the Home Mansion, in Milford, N. H., though there are great hopes of her recovery.

Newspapers in Constantinople are subjected more to Russian censorship than Turkish.

The wife of Garibaldi, is a native of Montevideo, and, it is said, is no less courageous than he is. Like Bradamante and Ruggiero, they go to battle together.

Later advices from Bolivia, state, that three Revolutions had lately taken place there. In La Paz, great atrocities had been committed, during which a great number of houses were sacked by the mob.

A writ has been brought at Columbus, Ga., to procure the freedom of a *white* girl, who has been a slave in a family at that place for several years. She is 17 years of age.

Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal, who, while in power, was a most detestable tyrant, has been for some time a quiet resident of Bexhill, near Hastings, in England.

TEXAS CHRISTIANISING.—About 800 persons have united with different churches within the last eight months, in the Colorado Valley, Texas.

The Postmaster General is spending a short time at his residence, in Vermont.

In the case of Bennet against Ned Buntline, for libel, the latter has been given up by his bail, (his father-in-law,) and committed to the Tombs.

A pauper, in Wilmington, having been directed to dig two graves, dug a third, remarking, that it might soon be wanted. Strange to say, he was dead before morning, and became the tenant of a grave of his own digging.

A superb skeleton of the extinct Irish elk, which measures 12 1-2 feet in height from the hoof to the tip of the horns, was lately discovered at a depth of four feet from the surface of the earth, at Killowen, in the county of Wexford.

THE LATE COLLISION.—A suit has been instituted by the owners of the Charles Bartlett, to recover the amount of pecuniary loss sustained by the late frightful collision between her and the Europa.

The Czar has offered \$27,600 for the capture of Bem. He has also limited the number of students in each University, to 300.

The New London Star says, that Daboll's air whistle can be heard four miles against the wind.

GREAT FAMILY GATHERING.—The descendants of Richard Haven, of Lynn, are to have a great "family party" at Framingham, in this State, on Thursday, 30th inst. At the meeting in 1844, some 1500 of the cousins dined together, and it is supposed that a much larger number will meet on the 30th.

The drought is said to be particularly severe in Vermont. The springs, wells and streams are nearly all dry. Cattle are with difficulty supplied.

The navigation at Pittsburgh, for the present, is almost wholly suspended, the river being 18 inches.

The Man that sleeps in church, is becoming quite a noted character. He was last Sunday seen in Trenton; and has visited Germantown repeatedly within the last few months.

The Mormon Emigration to the Great Salt Lake, continues large. Four hundred wagons crossed the Missouri, at Council Bluffs, on the 10th, on their way across the plains.

The salary of the President of Mexico, has been fixed at \$25,000 annually, the same as our President.

"The New Zealander," says Black, "on being civilized, become dispeptic. They eat more, fight less, and die faster."

FIRST AND LAST.—James T. Furst has just been married to Maria Taber Laste.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, charges only half price for females and children.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a law allowing married ladies who have been divorced, to assume their maiden names.

Col. Fremont has been appointed Commissioner to run the Mexican boundary line, in place of Col. Weller, who has been removed.

THE TELEGRAPH IN MINNESOTA.—Detroit will be in telegraphic connection with St. Paul's, Minnesota, by September next.

Charles Ellet, a distinguished civil engineer, says, that the navigation of the Ohio River may be made permanent throughout the year for boats drawing five feet of water, by the construction of reservoirs that would not cost over \$600,000.

Mr. Blakewell's Copying Telegraph, writes four hundred letters a minute.

☞ An English Aeronaut, who lately made an ascension at Cardiff, Wales, descended into the British Channel, and was drowned. The balloon and body floated to a shoal, and were recovered.

☞ A weeping willow is growing up in Washington Navy Yard, which was brought from the tomb of Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena.

☞ Col. Bliss had the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred on him at Dartmouth College commencement.

☞ The omnibus fare in Philadelphia, has been reduced to three cents, in consequence of some of the drivers of the old line having started a new line on their own hook.

☞ A Miss Pumpkin, of Vermont, has lately been married to a Mr. Pye.

☞ A Mormon settlement has been formed on the Beaver Islands, in lake Michigan. The population is already about 500, and rapidly increasing.

☞ Madame Sontag, the great vocalist, whom necessity has obliged to appear upon the stage, after a long absence, made a most successful debut in London, on the 7th ult.

☞ Lumley, the well-known English manager, has entered into stipulations with Madame Sontag Rossi, to pay her £8000 per annum—a sum unprecedentedly large even for a "queen of the opera."

☞ First rate coal has been found in Arkansas at the juncture of the Petitjean and Arkansas rivers.

☞ A large number of Poles, Germans and Italians, have been expelled from France.

☞ Dubuque, Iowa, it is said, contains 4,000 inhabitants, 5,000 dogs, and 50 colonels.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

The Weather and the Cholera.

It will be seen by the Report of the City Inspector in another column, that the aggregate number of deaths during the week ending on Saturday at 12 o'clock, 1273, is 79 less than the number reported the previous week. It will also be seen that the thermometer, at 3 o'clock on each day, has ranged from 77 to 87 degrees. In comparison with the intense heat in the early part of July, the last week has been one of comfortable temperature, with more rain and lightning than we had during the entire month of July. The healthy change in the state of the atmosphere must be perceptible to every one. We breathe freer and easier, and respiration is once more becoming a luxury instead of a labor. There seems to be more life in the countenances, and more animation in the movements of all we meet; and a general brightening up begins to indicate a more "wholesome state of things." The crisis of the pestilence is evidently past; and the health of the city is gradually and surely improving. Strangers are beginning to come in for business and pleasure; and in a few days the natural reaction will again fill the town with life and activity. It is an important fact that among the deaths of the past week, *over five hundred were children under ten years of age*; and of the balance, *six hundred and thirty-three were foreigners*.

We have not yet heard of a single healthy and temperate American who has fallen a victim to the Cholera. And among all the numerous guests, boarders, and servants at the large hotels, the Astor House, the Irving House, and the New York Hotel, there has not been a single case of Cholera.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

A Craft in Danger.

A living is a living, whether it is obtained by making shrines for great goddesses or locking up drunkards. And when a foreigner comes here to overthrow the very business by which many of our respectable citizens have their wealth—whereby they dress their wives, feed their little ones and pay their taxes, it is a very serious matter, and ought to be *put a stop to*. Father Matthew may be life to the cellars in Broad street, but he is death to the police court, to say nothing of the business which Moses Williams wished to have regulated by judicious men and good judges of liquor. The police court room already is little better than a desert. Constables—faithful and industrious men—beat up Endicott street, Ann street, Broad street, and the swarming sides of Fort Hill, but no game afoot. Gutters untenanted, dance houses still and sober—no rows, no riots, no wounds and bruises without cause—no work for the police, of course no bread. Is not this lamentable? And only some ten or eleven thousand have taken the pledge yet. How much more deplorable when the pledged amount to 20,000!

It is an actual and astounding fact, that on Monday (yesterday) morning, which always heretofore has garnered a rich harvest of drunkards into the police court, only *two lonely* cases appeared! notwithstanding the most anxious scanning and gleaning of the night police army, aided by the 54 cent light dragoons!

What is more, and more significant, our reporter having made diligent search in all the fruitful localities on Saturday and Sunday nights, found that the liquor sellers as well as the liquor drinkers had taken the pledge, the fiery stock in trade had been *spilt*, and all was peace, quietness and joy. How gloomy!

No wonder the police court seizes with desperation on the drunkards who have taken the pledge. 'Tis its last chance! Alas! alas! for the 54 cents for testifying—enough to buy a nice quarter of lamb—and for the 90 cents for two turns of a key—enough to buy a surloin or a gobbler—all gone! What, is the fame of one individual—and he a foreign, Roman Catholic priest—to be put against the honest living of some scores of worthy officers, native citizens of Boston? Never. Father Matthew must be put down, lied down, driven off, put a stop to. Something *must* be done. The police court will die of starvation, and the most reputable dealers will be ruined.

There are more trades than can be named that will suffer terribly from the pledge. Indeed, there is hardly any, from the pickpockets, to the harlots, that depends upon intemperance to *prepare its subjects*, which will not be greatly afflicted. Perhaps it would be well for a *powerful* call to be got up, and let all these parties assemble and *protest* against Father Matthew's prolonged stay with us.—*Boston Chronotype*.

Hungary.

Our correspondent intimates very distinctly, that our Government is taking means to ascertain the true condition of Hungary. All information relating to that brave and chivalrous people will be eagerly sought after. The sympathies, not only of our Government, but of the whole nation, are with them.—*Atlas*.

The Cincinnati Great West of the 21st of July, contains an article on "The Poet Moore," which was taken from the editorial columns of the Museum without credit.—*Boston Museum*.

The Orthodox Christians of Nashua, N. H., lately canvassed the town for the purpose of making out certain statistics in relation to attendance on religious worship. The committee, in their calls, omitted families known to belong to the Unitarian and Universalist congregations; and when, by accident, they stumbled upon one, gave them to understand that they considered those *not religious* meetings at all. Accordingly, in their published report, they include but one thousand persons of these two denominations among those who do not attend public worship!—*New Covenant*.

Straining at Gnats.

We seldom feel so intensely our great need of a peculiar kind of patience, a donkey-like endurance, as when we hear of a grave ecclesiastical body sitting in solemn deliberation on some annise and cumming affair, while those weightier matters which are fitted to agitate eternity and the universe, are scarcely named or thought of.—*N. Y. Organ*.

The Literary Union

Is the title of a sprightly weekly journal recently started in Syracuse, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johnnot. It is published in quarto form, containing 16 pages of matter, and appears to be ably conducted. The prevailing idea that seems to pervade this paper, is Moral and Literary Progress, and with a motive so laudable, and an object so worthy, we wish the publisher abundant success. Price, \$2.00 per annum.—*N. Y. Farmer & Mechanic*.

A Portrait.

In a recent conversation about great men, one gentleman asked another, if he had ever seen Col. Benton, and if so, to describe him.

"Why," said the interrogated, "whether sitting, standing, or walking, the Missouri Senator looks as if he were carrying on an inward and gentle remonstrance with himself, for being of so much more consequence in the world, than anybody else."

A Good Thing well Said.

A subscriber, in sending his advance subscription for money, writes to the editor,—"I wish to pay for my papers in advance, for *I never like to read an editor's paper as well as my own*."

The Prince de Metternich resides in London in great pomp, and is treated with great deference by the English government and aristocracy. He still secretly directs the affairs of Austria, and implicitly believes in the return of the dark ages.—*Portland Transcript*.

In 1635, musket balls were used in New England as money, in place of farthings.—*Ex*.

We suppose that was because musket balls would go further than farthings especially when they were cent!—*Portland Transcript*.

One can now travel from Buffalo to Chicago, Illinois, in 34 hours, for \$5. The route is on Lake Erie by steamers, across Michigan by cars to New Buffalo, and thence by steamer to Chicago. The above fare secures cabin passage, meals and berth on both Lakes.—*Even. Mirror*.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The public schools here consist of ten primary and four district schools, numbering in all about 1,300 scholars of both sexes.—Three additional primary schools have been authorized by the Corporation. The annual examination takes place in July of each year.—*National Era*.

Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his **Hat and Fur Store** opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, *Genesee Street*, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line,

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Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

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Democratic Review, 3	" 25 monthly.
Graham's Magazine, 3	" 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book, 3	" 25 "
Blackwood's do., 3	" 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag., 3	" 25 "
Holden's Dollar do. 1	" 12 1/2 "
Ladies' National do. 2	" 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath, 1	" 9 "
" Family Circle, 1	" 9 "
Merry's Museum, 1	" 9 "
N. Amer. Review, 1	" 1, 25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do. 3	" 75 "
Westminster do. 3	" 75 "
London do. 3	" 75 "
North British do. 3	" 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation. Tribune. Scientific American. Organ. Spirit of the Times. Home Journal. Police Gazette. Literary World. New York Herald. Sunday Mercury. Ned Bantline's Own. Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.
BOSTON.—Uncle Sam. Yankee. Flag of our Union. Museum. Pilot. Yankee Blade. Olive Branch. Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier. Neal's Gazette. Dollar Newspaper. Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times. News. Punch. W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

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Syracuse, May 5, 1849.

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[Corrected weekly for the Literary Union.]

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Flour, bbl.....	5 00	Hay ton.....	6,00 a 8,00
Indian Meal, cwt.....	1 25	Fine Salt bbl.....	75
Corn, bu.....	50	Solar.....	1.75
Oats,36	Bag 20 lbs.....		10
Barley,44	" 28 "		14
Rye,50	Salt bbls.....		22
Potatoes,87	Flour.....		26
Onions,50	Sheep Pelts.....		50a1,00
Beans,75	Lamb Skins.....		40a75
Apples,1.00	Hard Wood cord.....		4.00
Dried Apples,75	Soft Do.....		1,75a2,25
Butter, lb.....	124	Beef on foot.....	4,00a4,50
Cheese,6a7	Pork cwt.....		5,00a5,50
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